

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

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Poetry.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY M. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
I raise, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of my youth fall thick on the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Your fate is the common fate of all,
In every life some rain must fall,
And some days must be dark and dreary.

THE ISLE AND STAR.

In the tropical seas.

There's a beautiful isle.

Where shadows never darken

The sunlight's soft smile.

There the hyacinth of the breeze

And the hymn of the stream

Are mingled in one.

Like sweet sounds in a dream.

There the song-birds at morn

From thick shadows start,

Like musical thoughts

From the poet's full heart.

There the song-birds at noon

Sit in silence unbroken,

Like an exquisite dream

In the bosom unspoken.

There the flowers hang like rainbows

On wildwood and lea—

Oh, say, wilt thou dwell

In that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky

There's a beautiful star

Where no cloud casts a shadow,

The bright ones to mar.

There rainbows ne'er fade.

And the dew is ne'er dry,

And a circle of moon

Ever shines in the sky.

There the songs of the blest

And the songs of the spheres

Are unceasingly heard

Through the infinite years.

There the soft airs float down

From the amaranth bowers,

All fresh with the perfume

Of Eden's own flowers.

There love lives and beauty

Immortal will be

Oh say, wilt thou dwell

In that sweet isle with me?

Original Moral Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

THE RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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CHAPTER XI.

The Emperor, as stated, has seated himself upon the great pyramidal throne, in the centre of the Forum, surrounded by a strong, frowning guard, clad in bright, glittering armor.

The great hall of the court is brilliantly illuminated, and filled with a dense mass of citizens, of all sexes and classes.

Directly in front of the throne, and under the full blaze of an immense chandelier, is seated, pensive and motionless as the idols before them, the little group, whose melancholy fate has drawn together the vast assemblage.

Upon these, just at this moment, the red, bleary eyes of the Emperor are fixed; and with a constant grin playing over his swarthy, leaden features, he is surveying them with fiendish sort of delight.

He is about to begin their trial; and, perhaps, he is marking out some with whom to commence.

Before, however, sketching this scene of imperial cruelty, it may be well to notice a few of the crimes alleged against the accused; and, on account of which, they have been ruthlessly dragged before this august tribunal.

They are charged with laying two-thirds of Rome in ashes. This is the principal accusation. In addition, however, to this, within the past few days, the most slanderous reports had been industriously circulated, and there is scarcely a crime of any enormity with which they were not directly charged. Among many other things, they were accused of meeting in secret places at night, to indulge in licentiousness, revellings, and drunkenness; as being of a rebellious, turbulent spirit; hostile to the empire, and plotting the Emperor's death.

These, and other things, equally false and slanderous, had, chiefly at the instigation of the Emperor himself, been circulated by his slaves and soldiers; and which, the mass of the credulous Romans believing had stirred up a feeling of the most bitter and deadly hostility, throughout the city, and among all classes.

The question, however, mostly proposed at their trial, was simply—whether they were Nazarenes? Sometimes, to give brevity to the proceedings, they were merely commanded to bow to the images before them. A denial of the former was mostly tested by the latter; and very often were the proceedings so hurried and informal, that the accused had scarce time to reply, one way or another, to the several questions. In truth, scores were ordered to the flames, through the ungovern-

able rage of the Emperor, who had scarce ever heard of Christianity, much less embraced it. "First on the black, on my right—stand up!" said the Emperor, in a shrill, squeaking voice, as usual when strained, or desirous of making a show of imperial authority.

An old man slowly rose to his feet, trembling under the infirmities of age, and quite palsied in his limbs. He leaned forward on a staff; and, for a moment, closed his eyes; then quickly opening them, he looked, calm and submissive, at the Emperor, his face assuming a strange, unearthly whiteness.

"I'm a poor old man; and don't care much about this world's less body any more. My weary soul longs for its rest in another world," said he, and before the Emperor had recovered from a violent fit of sneezing, a distemper with which he was frequently molested.

"Are you a Nazarene?" at length, shouted the Emperor, his sudden paroxysm having subsided.

"I'm weary of this life, and want to exchange it for a better," said the old man, with a sigh.

"I ask; are you a cursed Nazarene?" again shouted the Emperor, in a voice, if possible, more shrill.

"That life won't end, like this; this frail old body'll be renovated into blooming youth; and I'll wear a crown more bright and unfading than that on your majesty's brow," said the old man with great earnestness, while his features suddenly brightened, and a tear or two fell from his eyes.

The Emperor remained silent for a moment, as if at a loss what to say, or how to proceed. At length, however, leaning forward in his seat, and fixing his grey eyes fiercely on the old man, he said:

"Bow to the Gods before you," pointing, at the same time, at the row of images, with his finger.

"For many a sad and weary year of my life, I worshipped them images of stone; but the only living and true God had mercy on me, and gave me, a poor, unworthy sinner, the light of his knowledge. Him alone I now worship; and I shall not bow myself down;," said the old man, meekly, but with trembling firmness.

"Ha! ha!—the Dogs you want! Then—to the flames! soldiers!—your duty!" cried the Emperor, with the usual grin and display of yellow teeth.

Instantly, several huge monsters pounced upon him, like so many demons; and amid the shouts and jeers of the spectators, he was hurried along the great, broad aisle, and delivered to the executioners at the door.

The old man made no resistance; but, with his staff firmly grasped in his hand, he hobbled rapidly along, with his eyes raised to heaven, and a smile upon his white, time-worn features.

In a few moments, a loud shout was heard in the square. The old man was in the flames. Again—all was still. His weary spirit had taken its flight, and entered upon the joys of that life for which it panted—earnestly longed.

Poor old man!—well done! Thou didst make a glorious exchange! Who will doubt it!

His life, in this world, had indeed been one of suffering. Afflicted from his earliest childhood with an incurable disease, he had been left an orphan in his infancy. Supported many years, for the most part, by the charities of a few friends, these, at length, had either died or abandoned him. But his afflictions had given a serious, reflective cast to his mind; and he had often thought, even of himself, that if this life and world were all of man, then how miserable his lot!

At length, however, through a providence as mysterious as it was merciful, he had been thrown into a family of poor Christians, who cared for him—cared for his soul. He was told of Jesus, the poor man's friend and Saviour—told of another life and better world;—believed; and this was the decrepit old man, at whose trembling side stood the young, modest son of Hell, as both were baptized by Priests.

"First on the black, on my left—stand up!" said the Emperor.

A middle-aged female rose. Her head reclined upon her shoulder. Her eyes were fixed with a mysterious gaze on the floor, as if absorbed in some wondrous thought.

"You are charged with being a Nazarene," shouted the Emperor, as usual.

The poor woman made no reply; but stood as if chained in every member—silent and motionless as the images before her.

"Are you a Nazarene, or not?" again demanded the emperor, angrily.

The woman meekly raised her eyes, and nodded an assent.

"You confess?"

There was the same nod, with a perceptible trembling of the frame, and a momentary palor of countenance.

"Renounce the cursed faith!—bow!" cried the Emperor, in a furious rage.

A quick shake of the head was the significant reply.

The woman then turned her eyes up toward the great, lofty dome of the Forum, and stood as if gazing at some sudden, wondrous vision.

At first there was a sparkling lustre in her eyes, blended with surprise; then a smile of recognition, followed by evident emotions

of irrepressible joy. And then, stretching out both her hands as if expecting some one to seize them from above, she exclaimed in rapture—"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

The Emperor, looking disdainfully at her a few moments, pronounced her a fool, and ordered his soldiers to do their duty.

"Quickly! let me hence! away—to the flames—to the skies! to my loved ones! to my sweet family home!" cried the woman, looking imploringly at the Emperor.

Almost in an instant, she was in the hands of the executioners at the door.

There is a breathless silence in the hall.—Each one is listening as if anxious to catch the expected, meaning shout. There it is, wild, horrid; like the terrific yells from an assemblage of fiends.

Heaven, reader, had only answered a mother's prayer. Soon—very soon, indeed, had she been allowed to join her family in the bright, distant skies—to nestle again on her bosom, in the gushing joys of immortality, that sweet, darling little babe.

And may we not follow her joyous, ransomed spirit, as, bursting from its writhing, consuming tenement, it bounds away up through the unmeasurable voids, swifter far than thought or the lightning speed; on—on! till the light and glory, the songs and the hallelujahs of another world burst upon it.

Then, the husband and little ones, on the limitless shores, have tuned their harps of gold, to greet the arrival; and, expecting, gaze down into the vast, azure depths. "There—yonder—see! it's mother! it's mother! O, she comes! she comes!"—and the father looks and smiles; and they all touch their harps to one of heaven's sweetest songs, gazing, all the while, at the advancing spirit, with smiling, joyous looks. In a moment, their harps are at their side, and their arms are outspread, and they are in each other's embrace, united—a family in heaven, through grace!

"Stand up!—you!" said the Emperor, pointing to a young man about twenty years of age, who all the while, had kept his eyes intently fixed upon the Emperor, keenly watching every varying expression of his features, but seemingly unmoved either by his own impending fate, or those around him.

The young man instantly rose to his feet, with his eyes still rivetted, piercingly, upon the same cruel and merciless monster before him.

To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

General Taylor's Residence.

In Harper for November, we notice an interesting article on "General Taylor's residence at Baton Rouge," illustrated with a truthful picture of the same. The sad reality and truth of the writer's words, when he says, "A few years more, and General Taylor's residence will have disappeared," must strike the visitor as he ascends the beautiful avenue leading out of town to the barracks.

The modest little picket fence, with its unassuming gate, have gone to decay; and the shrubs and flowers, so carefully protected in the days of the old man's glory, have become rank and wild in the struggle with briars and brambles for existence. The vine, growing over the balcony, so carefully looked after by the gentle hand of the old hero's daughter, no longer blooms to fill the air with fragrance.

The flowers have drooped, the leaves withered, and nothing but the ghostly frame of "what was," now lingers. The house itself is a spectre. The last and only occupant since Gen. Taylor left it forever, was Col. Webster and family, who are also numbered with the dead; and the "old rustic cottage," as it is, has been turned over to the rats, and it reels now to tumble to ashes under the gnawing tooth of oblivion. What a lesson!

It was a very brief day ago, when the old gentleman returned from the wars, "with all his honors fresh upon him." A former residence in Baton Rouge had endeared him to our people, and they claimed him as a citizen. The news of his approach was heralded, and the town went to the water's edge to welcome him.

A torch-light procession, with music and banners, followed him, and amid the cheers and acclamations of the people he was escorted to the home of his choice, the cottage now drooping its head, and only rescued from oblivion by a wood cut. What an episode in the history of the world's glory.

With what reluctance the old man left that fairy spot, his own words betray, but there was a destiny ruling him, and he was forced away, to occupy a position altogether unsuited to his temperament. That destiny has been sadly worked out. The hero of Buena Vista is dead, his amiable widow has followed him, and his accomplished son-in-law, W. W. Bliss, has fought his last battle.

The remains of Gen. Taylor should have been deposited on this spot—a place (as he often expressed himself) more dear to him than any other on earth.

"Is that the tune the old cow died of?" asked an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle. "No, beef," replied Jonathan, "that's the tune the old Bull died of."

"WHEN I AM DEAD."

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself at their utterance. For simple monosyllables—how much gloom ye convey! How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly, but what a calm—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hears something more; for from those words the groan of high aspirations quenched, and hopes pale bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up, phantom-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word—"dead," lingers strangely, and echoes sadly on the ear, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

But the echo fades amid enervating mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that composes the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious can glance the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am dead!" More or less signifies resignation, or dependent on, a fulfillment of nature, or a provision of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at best.

When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands tremble with the fruits of his oft-given charity, utters these words, they fall from the lips as a prayer to heaven. In them his will harmonizes with his destiny; and the tear that starts from a superior soul about to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness that gleams out of the heart, at the prospective reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of Nature's Posey, may murmur "When I am dead!" but death to such an one is better perhaps, than life. His heart holds no music, chiming in cadences to weal and woe. His inward existence is void, and the rough surface of being checked, though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkened but little with the panoply of the tomb.

How different, when, youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasure of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs, like the south wind "When I am dead!" A spirit seems to wait its anthem, and an eclipse of the noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must say it sometime; for the grave lies at hand, yawning through a bed of thorns, or gleaming like a white avenue of hope feebly against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange and fearful import hath it to the utterer, but it is a weak phrase only to others, the great world. Who speaks it, may think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest, and those who loved us best, will dry their tears ere they had all begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze above our memory in a brief time—brethren! woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus: 'tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but when they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good, we go early to their narrow homes.

UNDER THE ROSE.—A floating paragraph explains the origin of this expression—"The term under the Rose, implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C. 448, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes, for the marriage of his daughter, and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the Temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garment forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured under the rose.

It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade them to force Pausanias to kill him there, they finally walked him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wish to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying sub rosa among them, and now among almost all Christian nations."

Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Dusen-dorf is a young man of parts?

"Decidedly so, Miss Brown he is part num-skull, part knave and part fool."

Charity.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," says the Gospel; is it not strange, therefore, that so little should prevail in the community, and that those especially who should claim it as one of their peculiar attributes are either totally devoid of it, or totally mistaken in regard to its character? We do not mean the charity of the pocket, (though to tell the truth, there is little enough of that,) but the charity of the heart, so beautifully expressed in the emblem of a little child giving honey to a bee without wings,—that charity which—

"Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods From her own gracious nature she bestows, Nor stoops to ask reward."

Behold that christian, an old and venerable man fast wending his way toward the portals of eternity, and list a moment to his conversation. Perhaps he has just returned from the house of God,—perhaps from His holy table, where he has contributed liberally to send the gospel to the far off pagan,—a man who bears among his fellows the reputation of a benevolent and exemplary christian, and distinguished for his charity. The character of a young man of his acquaintance is the subject of conversation, and he is speaking to a stranger,— "Yes, J— is certainly a young man of talent,—but totally wanting in integrity,—he cannot be trusted." He knows this not from his own experience, but from hearsay, yet he adopts it, gives it all the force of his own opinion founded on a reliable foundation, and the stranger goes away satisfied of the depravity of a young man of whom he was prepared to receive favorable impressions. Now had that old man been a true christian, imbued with the spirit of true piety,—had he possessed that charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," he would have excused that young man's faults, forgot his vices—he would have heard and obeyed—

"That deep voice, which from the skies Forbade the patriarch's sacrifice, God's angel cry, Forbear!"

But if he heard that voice, he obeyed it not, and the consequence was, that the young man received an injury, that time, nor wealth, nor pleasure, nor anything earthly can ever heal. Nor is this a fictitious illustration. The picture may be presented from a different point of view, or with a slight variation in perspective, but it is nevertheless correct,—alas! too true. Nor is it yet, a solitary example. We see the same thing occurring around us daily and hourly. Old and young, grave and gay, infidel and christian, all are guilty of the same sin, without reflecting perhaps, on its heinousness, or the injury they do their fellow men. They have no charity—which

"Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild, She makes excuses when she might condemn. Reviled by those that hate her prays for them, Suspicion looks not in her artless breast The worst suggested, she believes the best."

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—The eccentric H. H. Brackenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:—

"I have two objections to this duel matter, the one is lest I should hurt you; the other is lest it would be to me, to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or turkey. I am no cannibal to feed upon the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate, it would not do for a long sea voyage. You might make a good barbecue. It is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now.

And as to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old colt.—So much for you.—As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hit me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay in the distance. If you mean to try your pistol, take some object, a tree, or a barn door about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

As to the free-love doctrines, said Mrs. Partington, with a face as benevolent as a Thanksgiving dinner, "I don't know much about 'em, but it seems to me they needn't cause much fear where any love exists at all. Where hearts beat responsible to each other, and where they are mouldered together by early love and plenty of children, depend on it no free-love doctrines can do 'em any harm." The old lady stopped here, like a Chelsea ferry boat at the dory, and stirred her tea slowly, looking vacantly at the picture of the corporal, that model of military, political, and conjugal constancy, while like tested the cat's iterumitum powers by filling her nose with pulverized bread crumbs.

An eminent writer says: "It is my opinion, derived from experience, that the period of courtship cannot be too short. I have reason to say that when you have hooked your fish, the sooner you use your landing net the better."

"A Yankee," describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry!"

Tattling, Gossip and Flander.

Slender meets no regard from noble minds; Only the base believe, what the base only utter.

It almost seems as though the serpent when fleeing before the angry frowns of the Mighty One, after having taught the mother of men his subtle secret—the damnation of a world, had selected for his retreat, the town or city, for it is there he delights to dwell, and that he is found, still insatiable, "seeking whom he may devour." Towns are indeed Satan's hunting grounds—the "pest-houses of civilization," where

"On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly, While virtuous actions are but born to die."

It is a humiliating reflection, but one nevertheless true, that there is a contagious, putrid, disgusting lust in every community for slanderous reproaches, backbiting, false flatteries, and licentious infamies, that can never be fully satiated, but is always seeking material upon which to feed. It hesitates not to enter into the very secrets of the grave, and draw aside the white shroud from the clay cold corpse, that it may gloat over the agonized sufferings of surviving relatives! It seizes in its slings, withering grasps, spotless and pure as the snowy robes that envelope the inhabitants of Heaven's high halls, and blackens them with the bitter, gall like vomitings of malice! Virtue itself escapes not its envied dart, shot forth from the yawning gulf of perdition through the instrumentality of fiends in human form! And yet individuals who rank high in the world as men and women of talent,—who rank high in the church as devout followers of the spotless but much slandered Jesus,—can lend themselves to the encouragement of this degraded vice by pandering to the loathsome, filthy appetites of gossip and tale-bearers, and drinking in their malicious, black hearted, and foul mouthed slanders!

Such persons should remember that "it requires two to make a calumny, one to tell it, the other to hear it told," and that the latter is equally guilty with the former. If then they would preserve their own reputations, and more, if they would preserve unsullied their immortal souls, let them not give ear to

"The whispered tale, That like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows Fair-faced deceit, whose wily currents eye Ne'er look direct, The tongue that utters the dust, But when it safely dares, is prompt to sting."

The Wives of Working Men.

If you wish to behold woman in all her glory, go not to the mansion of opulence, where she is surrounded by smooth-tongued flatterers, where she is decked like a puppet in silks and jewels,—but go to the humble home of the mechanic or the laboring man, and see her as a wife partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband,—placing all her confidence and all her happiness in the man she loves. There you see her in the sphere for which she was originally designed by the Creator, and which she is so well adapted to bless and adorn. There you behold her ministering at the very fountain of life and happiness, the affectionate wife and mother, training up her children to thought and virtue, piety and benevolence, and preparing them to discharge the important duties, and fulfil the high destiny of citizens of the United States, with honor to themselves and all connected with them by ties of association or kindred.

The domestic circle, where the presence of woman is the centre and the sun by which it is irradiated, is the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals can get in this life. It is there that "angels find a resting place, When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth."

No Good Deed Lost.

Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dewdrop or the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is written of every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost!

Sheridan is reported to have once fallen into a coal cellar on his way home, after a good supper at Drury Lane; and his abuse of a vendor for not keeping a light at the door, was warmly retorted by the wife. "Hang it," cried Sheridan, who was not much hurt, "do you think I want to pocket your coal?"—"No," retorted the woman, "but your nose might set the coals on fire."

"Vince, ven I was courtin my Catherine, was gone to my flet to hoe mine taters. Vell den I see my Catherine courtin in der road, so I dinks I give her a boo; so I climbs a tree, and I shust as I was goin to boo her, I falls off on der hemlock fence and sies: a pine knot in nine pantaloons, an Catherine was laff and make more shame dan a sheep mit one tam tief on his back."

"A Yankee," describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry!"